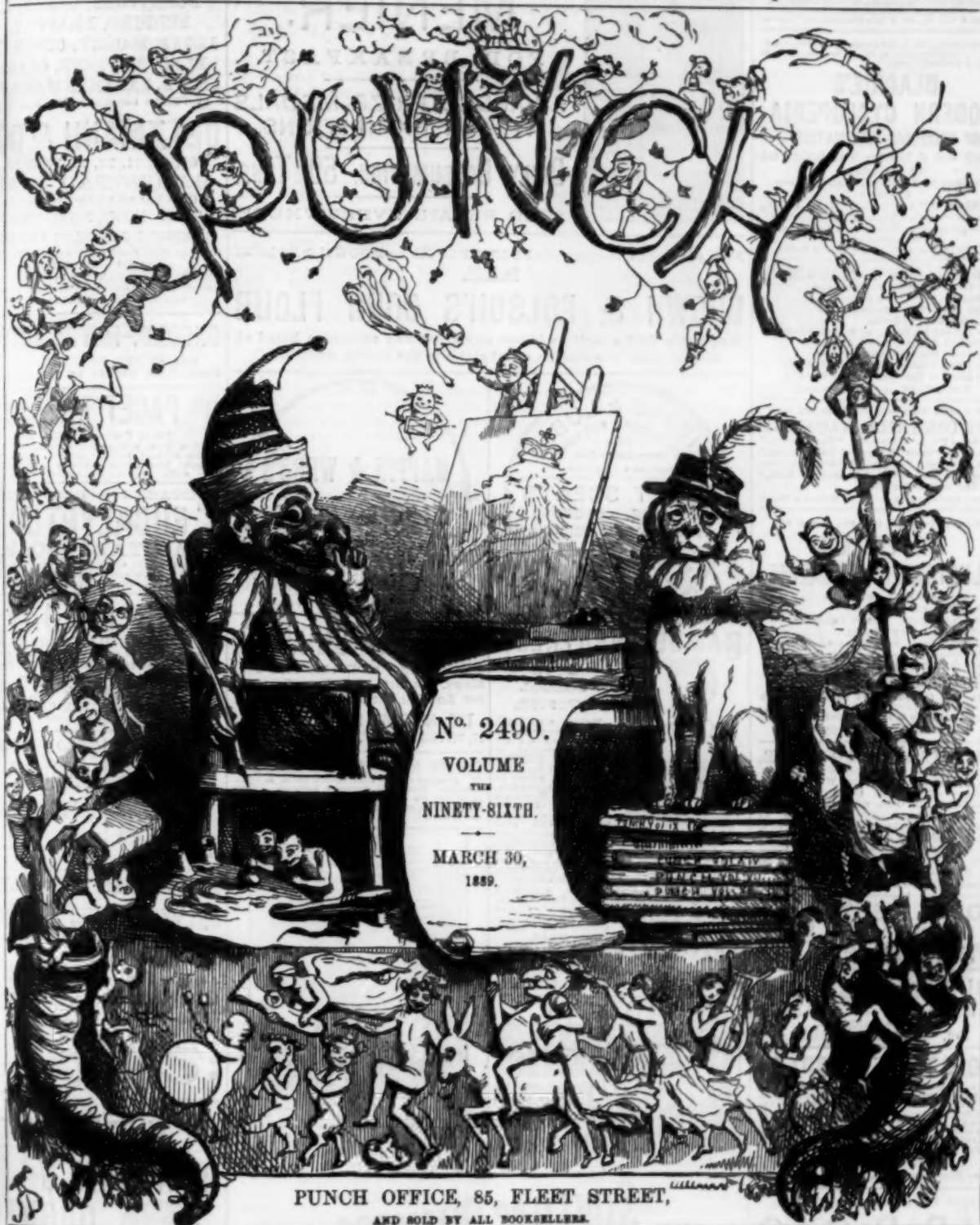


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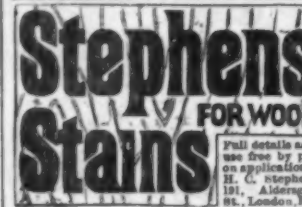
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NOTES ON THE PLAY.

A Letter about "The Weaker Sex."

MY OWN DEAREST ANGELINA,
As you begged me to see Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in the new drama at the Court Theatre, so that I might tell you all about it, I outraged my feelings by going to the play without you and accom-



"Six of one and two of the other."

panying JACK CHAFFUIS instead. Need I say that you were never absent from my thoughts for a moment, and that I did not enjoy my dinner at the Epicurean Club in the least? How can I care for anything when you are away from me? However, as the piece did not begin until 8'30, JACK and I had plenty of time for a smoke, a cup of coffee, and a Kummel before attending the performances. *The Weaker Sex* is by Mr. PINKER, the clever author of *Sweet Lavender*, and many excellent plays. For the old Court Theatre he wrote *The Magistrate*, and two other capital three-act farces which made the fortunes of the then lessees. As Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL are playing in it, I need scarcely say that *The Weaker Sex* is not a three-act farce, although I have seen those admirable artists at their very best in such pieces as *A Scrap of Paper* and the *Queen's Shilling*. But, as Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, I regret to add, are shortly to leave us for America, of course it was only appropriate that they should bid us *adieu* in something sad, and *The Weaker Sex* is sad indeed. The story can be told in a very few words. Rather a feeble person is jilted by *Mary* (subsequently *Lady Vicash*), goes to America, turns poet, changes his name, and comes back to England engaged to *Rhoda*, *Mary's* daughter. But *Mary* has never forgotten him, and tells him so. Then the rather feeble person who loves *Rhoda* better than *Mary*, and his own comfort more than either, goes back to America, and the Curtain falls upon his never-to-be wife and his



"How happy could I be with neither."

found-to-be-impossible mother-in-law weeping in one another's arms. I believe when the piece was played in the Provinces, the rather feeble person (who must have been weak indeed to have preferred the daughter to the mother), married *Rhoda* and *Mary* paired off with someone else. The new ending reminded me strongly of a pathetic little one-act drama, in which the KENDALS made their mark at the Haymarket many years ago called *Faded Flowers*, wherein the hero, finding his lost love married to his dearest friend, although still attached to himself, nobly effaced himself by accepting expatriation for ever. How good Mr. KENDAL was in *Faded Flowers*! And how good Mrs. KENDAL is in *The Weaker Sex*! In fact, without her never-to-be-sufficiently appreciated assistance, I question whether the piece would have been successful. She could not possibly have been better, and yet, somehow, her superb acting did not bring tears to my eyes. This was not the fault of the actress, but the play, which when all is said and done, is not a pleasant one. Much as I like your revered Mother (to whom kindly remember me), should anything happen to you, I do not think it would be your latest wish that I should lead her to the altar, and sorry as I felt for *Mary* and *Rhoda*, and even the rather feeble person, who seemed to be passing his

entire existence in making melancholy trips to America, there was something so essentially comic in the situation, that for the life of me I could not cry. This was a great disappointment, as I like to be touched. JACK CHAFFUIS was equally indifferent, but then he is not in the least intellectual, and yawns at everything except a Gaiety burlesque. In real life I fancy *Mary* would have boxed *Rhoda's* ears soundly, and sent her back to school for another twelve months.



"[We should know one another."

For the rest, the satire upon Woman's Rights (which more or less made up the remainder of the piece), although fairly amusing, did not strike me as particularly novel.

And now, darling, I must say good-bye.

Your ever loving,

EDWIN.

"DUX FOEMINA FACTI."

By a Rabid Anti-Woman's-Rightist.

WHILST male Voters only, Rads or Tories,
Have the vote will the Election-Rough rage,
There is one thing that "emolli't mores."
'Tis—so we are told—the Female Suffrage.
"Cherchez la femme," an old sagacious quip is,
She's at the bottom of War, Madness, Murder.
Will politics be purged by the Xantippes
From wrath and rancour? What could be absurd?
As well, when rival roosters will not cease
Their war, drive Partlet in—to keep the peace!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GETTING A GOOD VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.—Your idea of hiring a couple of coal-barges, putting a brass band on board, asking your two hundred friends, and tacking them on to half-a-dozen steam launches, and then proceeding to view the race by leading the van, and going over the course in front of the contending crews, strikes us as a happy idea full of novelty, and only requiring, as you say, a little determination and energy to enable you successfully to carry it out. You ought certainly by this means to manage to get a capital view of the race; though, of course, as you suggest, if you cannot keep up the pace, and happen to get in the way, it may be rather embarrassing to the competitors, and may possibly involve you in some disagreeables. No, we would not advise you to take the River Police into your confidence. Take care to be early on the scene—say, at about 3 A.M., and take up your position—and stick to it. We shall be glad to hear how you have got on.



GOOD OMEN.—Mr. JOHN HARE's new Theatre will not be opened in March. The proverbial association, therefore, of "March" and "Hare" will not be realised in this instance.

Back Again.

ONE note of music sound we, *inter alia*,
A note of joyful welcome to
Composer FREDERICK COWEN, who
Returns, a conquering hero, from Australia.

MR. MANSFIELD'S "RICHARD THE THIRD."—A thorough Cibberite.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE EEL.

A Ballad of an Unequal Battle (with Apologies to Benny the Bo'son.)*Sidney S. Smith.*

"Well, he" (Mr. BALFOUR) "is rather a slippery customer. He is like an eel. If you want to get hold of him, you must have sand upon your hand."
—Sir W. Harcourt at the Lambeth Baths.

THERE WAS a Elephant,
Brave boys!
And a lumbesome brute was he;
With tuaks and a trunk
Calculated for to funk.
The pluckiest most skilful Shi-ka-ree,
Brave boys!
The pluckiest most skilful Shi-ka-ree!

There likeways was a Eel,
Brave boys!
So alithersome, and slippery, and alim.
Now eels (for which you "sniggle")
Are the things to writhe and wriggle,
But there's none of 'em can twisticate like
him,
Brave boys!
There's none of 'em can twisticate like him!
Now that lollopping Elephant,
Brave boys!

That Eel was werry anxious for to catch,
With a view to his spatchcocking
(Which in course was werry shocking),
So that Elephant was always on the watch,
Brave boys!
That Elephant was always on the watch!
But that limber Eel, he likeways had a heye,
Brave boys!
And that heye was fixed upon the Elephant.
Says the Elephant, says he,
"I will catch you, as you 'll see!"

THE FAT OF THE LAND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE that an effort has been made by some misguided persons to establish a service of "Smoking Omnibuses" in London, which perhaps might, without impropriety, be called the "Service of Man," considering that none but members of the male sex would use such conveyances. Now, as I habitually ride in these cumbrous but still undoubtedly useful vehicles, I should like to suggest various reforms in them which are sorely needed, which is not the case with "Smoking Busses." Sorely needed! Ah! Sir, that expression recalls to my mind many a dreadful experience of an omnibus interior, when there have been six on one side and half-a-dozen on the other. I myself on such occasions have been "sorely kneaded" by the elbows of other passengers; I happen to be thin, and, perhaps, I feel the grievance (and the elbows) more on that account.

By some mysterious law of Nature, which no philosopher has yet explained, the persons who use omnibuses at a time of day when they are likely to be crowded are always stout. What is the result? The result naturally is, that an annexation of space rightfully belonging to us thin passengers follows; these elephantine individuals either "push us from our seats," or deposit themselves and their adipose tissue on our laps.

To remedy this all that is required is for the Omnibus Companies to erect a neat and compact weighing-machine at the entrance to their vehicles, so that the moment a passenger puts his foot on the step his correct weight would be registered on a dial. If he (or especially she) scaled over a certain number of stones, it would be the duty of the Conductor to inform him (or her), as politely as he could, that the conveyance was already "full inside," or that it had a case of measles in it, or that its journey ended at the next street—or whatever other excuse for non-admission his ingenuity and mendacity might suggest. Then there might be special roomy omnibuses constructed to meet these painful cases of corpulence, into which no thin person might intrude. But, for the convenience of the public, I would really suggest that the motto for ordinary busses should be, "Abandon fat, all ye who enter here!"

I have a good many other reforms to mention, but perhaps the above will be as much as your readers can digest at one sitting, so I will for the present subscribe myself, dear Mr. Punch, as yours devotedly,
EIGHT-STONE-SIX.

WHEN the Chevalier, Sir VERNON HARCOURT, rode full tilt at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, he aimed a blow at him which was intended to cut down his opponent's salary. Fortunately for Sir RICHARD, it failed; but, at the moment, there was a thrill of excitement in the Ladies' Gallery—the fans were agitated; and yet, in the absence of Sir CHARLES, there wasn't a rustle to be heard in the House.



THE LOVE OF NATURE.

First Chappie. "LOVELY PLACE, MONTE CARLO, ISN'T IT? SUCH BEAUTIFUL SCENERY!"

Second Chappie. "BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH SPLENDID AIR, TOO!"

First Chappie. "SPLENDID!—A"—(pause)—"LET'S GO INTO THE CASINO!"

[Excuse to the tables, where they remain for the rest of the day.]

The Eel he wunk, and arnsered, "Yah! you can't."

Brave boys!

That Eel he wunk, and arnsered, "Yah! you can't!"

can't!"

The efforts of the Elephant were huge,

Brave boys!

But they didn't, somehow, seem for to avail.

He trumpeted and snorted,

And he trampled and cavorted;

But he couldn't hold that wriggler, head or tail,

Brave boys!

He couldn't hold that wriggler, head or tail!

For he sinuously alithered, slopped and alipped,

Brave boys!

Till the Elephant almost began to feel,
That although the Elephant

Is a ponderous giant,

He is scarce the sort of brute to catch a Eel,

Brave boys!

He is scarce the sort of brute to catch a Eel!

Then that Elephant he ups and says, says he,
Brave boys!

"I have got a ticklish task upon my hand;
But howe'er he twist and squirm"

(Says that ponderous Pa-chy-derm),

"I shall catch the wriggler yet—by means of sand,"

Brave boys!

"You cannot hold a Eel, except with sand!"

So a basket of fine silver sand he gets,

Brave boys!

With a view to catch that alithery Silver Eel.

Toes and trunk he then dips in it,

And, says he, "In half a minute

"I shall have you, Mister Eel; how do you feel?"

Brave boys!

"I shall have you, Mister Eel; how do you feel?"

Then he blusters, and he flusters, and he pounds,

Brave boys!

Like a Mastodon a-dancing of a reel.

But, in spite of grab and clutch,

He finds he can't do much,

With his Elephantine toes against a Eel,

Brave boys!

With his Elephantine toes against a Eel!

A quick grab! a slick grab!! He's ours!!!

Brave boys!

When—fwish! The thing's like lubricated steel!

No sport could well be grander

(To a cynical by-stander),

But—he hasn't cotched that Eel,

Brave boys!

No, he hasn't yet cotched that Eel!

A SHOW THAT APPEALS TO THE UNDER-
STANDING. — The forthcoming Exhibition of
Boots and Shoes.

A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE.

By a Sleepy Sufferer.

SEND not thy song before dawn to me,
Rousing my soul from sweet sleep;
Bringing the shuddering yawn to me,
Making my tympanum creep.
In morn's dim somnolent error
Giving me twitchings of terror,
Raucous asthmatical SW-E-E-EP!

MRS. RAM says that a dry air does not agree with her. It tickles her throat, and she doesn't like a tickling in her throat. So she is going to Bath, where, "I am informed," she observes, "there is so much humility in the atmosphere."

"In a Pickwickian Sense."

MR. BRADLAUGH thinks that JOE is too egotistic (Oh!) For a funny reason. Why? JOE says "we" instead of "I." I is Ego, BRADLAUGH dear. So you can't be right, that's clear. JOSEPH, who's an artful feller, Takes a tip from Mr. Weller. He means "I," but, don't you see? Simply spells it with a We!

MOTTO FOR AN (EX) M. B. W. BLACK-MAILER.
—"Give me neither poverty nor Ritchies."

DUE SOUTH.

Last few Days at Monte Carlo.

THE winning of one five-franc piece brightens existence. The loss of sixty sours it. Such is life at Monte Carlo.

One more Attempt.—At first table on the left. "Good business," says TOM WHIFFLER, showing me a handful of notes, "just played three coups. Two thousand francs. Not bad, in five minutes, eh?"

"What did you go on?" I inquire, earnestly. "I went on the dozens. First dozen, then middle dozen. Middle dozen," he adds, "was first-rate," which sounds as if he were talking of oysters. And off he goes, the lucky chap, nodding airily to me, and "shorting in his joy."

Think I'll try the "middle dozen." Difficult to find a place, so crowded. I notice several people here, whom I had always understood, were "anything but well-off," playing with piles of notes and heaps of gold. How do they do it?

"Oh," JOHNNIE SPOFFERD explains, "they're playing with the Bank's money." Yes, but how did they get the Bank's money? I can't. On the contrary, the Bank gets mine.

Squeezing myself in close to a croupier, I present him with two five-franc pieces, and request him in the sweetest possible tone,—all novices address the croupiers in the sweetest tone, possibly with the idea of ingratiating themselves with them, and so squaring it somehow, as if being on speaking terms with a croupier could assist you to win,—to put one on the "six

derniers," and the other on "doux premier." Fifteen turns up, and I've lost. Then I try 19 *en plein*, and the first six, and again I lose, whereupon I change to a *transversal* which includes 19 (I've a fancy for 19), and *impair*. *Trente-trois* turns up. Out of it again. Whereupon I give up my fancy for 19 and leave it. Immediately up it comes! and this happens also with *trente-trois*.

Lost sixty francs. Time to go and dress for dinner. Chilly air. They cover up all the flowers and shrubs at 4 P. M. So the beauty of the place is artificially kept up. North-east wind. Queer sort of sunset. Seen sunsets twice as good as this in England, when I *hadn't* lost sixty francs. Meet DORDLY TAPP going to his hotel, "The Paris," to dinner. How has he done to-day? Any good? No, DORDLY has lost.

"Beastly place," he says, "and so cold too, eh?"

I remark that there is an odd sort of sunset.

"Ah!" replies DORDLY, "that is a queer sunset. Rum colour. I remember a sunset exactly like that the night before the earthquake. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if there wasn't a *tremblement de terre* to-night. There's one comfort, this place felt it less last time than any other on the Riviera. Still it's not pleasant. If I'd won, I should be off to-night, but I must have another turn at the tables. Ugh! Horribly cold!" and he shivers—he has a *tremblement* all over him—and hurries off.

One more Attempt at the Tables, after Dinner.—Luck turns. I say to Mrs. WETHERBY (who has had wonderful luck and made £1500), "Shall I put *en plein* on 32?" She replies quickly, "Yes!" It turns up. 32! by all that's lucky!

"I told you I should bring you luck," she says, as I receive thirty-five times my stake, which was only five francs—[ah, why didn't she tell me to put on eight louis?—and so pocket one hundred and seventy-five francs, that's seven pounds, in a second, merely for risking four shillings and twopence. This is exhilarating. This is the air of Monaco. I ask Mrs. WETHERBY, as she is so lucky, to stand by me, and give me some more tips.

"Ah!" she replies, smiling, "I'm afraid my luck has gone. I don't feel as if I could advise you correctly again."

"Shall I leave it on?" I ask, alluding to my five-franc piece, which is still lying on the 32.

"I think I should," she answers. "You may as well leave it on." But though her tone no longer inspires me with confidence, yet I leave it on; but, *rien va plus*, and the croupier takes it off. I'll

take myself off. I'll be satisfied with this for to-night. Let us regale ourselves. Really nothing is so easy as winning. I meet friends. I tell them, seriously, as if it were a feat of dexterity or a well-calculated stroke of business, requiring great acumen and shrewd, sharp clear-headedness, how, without any system, I put *en plein* on 32, and it turned up.

"Had you got the maximum on?" asks DORDLY TAPP, who has had a fair evening of it.

"No," I reply, carelessly; "no, I hadn't got the maximum on. Only a small stake." I don't tell him it was merely a five-franc piece. Probably my one bit of luck will be magnified into thousands, as any one, who subsequently tells the story, may credit me with having put on any stake that suits his fancy.

Eight louis in my purse, and a lot of five-franc cart-wheels in my pocket. We regale. DORDLY has won, he says, a hundred. JOHNNIE SPOFFERD at once decides that DORDLY shall stand treat.

"How about the earthquake?" I ask DORDLY.

He has forgotten all about it. "Earthquake?" he asks, "What earthquake?" I remind him of the melancholy forecast he made only a few hours since. "Oh!" he exclaims, there's not a chance of one. I thought over it again, and now I remember it was quite a different sunset when we had the last earthquake. Besides, with such a lovely night! What stars! what a moon!"

We agree—JOHNNIE SPOFFERD, too, who has won a trifle—that Monte Carlo is a beautiful place, and that the nights are magnificent.

"I like this place," says JOHNNIE SPOFFERD—"it's so foreign. One couldn't do this sort of thing in London." It is half-past midnight, and JOHNNIE, wearing a soft felt hat, cocked very much on one side, is perched on a high stool in front of the bar,—not at "Zero's," but "chez PETERS." He has just finished a plate of devilled oysters, and is now drinking stout, and enjoying a pipe. No, certainly, *ice*—when we come abroad—manage these things better in France, in the Sunny South. But why travel all the way to Monte Carlo, in order to sit on a high stool in a public-house, to eat devilled oysters, to drink stout, and to smoke a pipe?

We discuss this walking back to the hotel (1 A.M.), and JOHNNIE SPOFFERD's opinion, freely expressed, is that "he's blown if he don't think that the nights at Monte Carlo are about the best part of the amusement."

I find out that whenever DORDLY TAPP has had a bad time at the tables, he becomes an alarmist. I meet him next day with the longest face possible. What's the matter?

"Matter, my dear fellow? Haven't you heard?"

"No, I haven't. What is it?"

"My dear fellow, there's measles and scarlet fever all over the place. We're going to pack up and be off at once."

"Really? It's very sudden. How did you hear all about it?"

"Oh, everyone's talking of it. Two or three persons died yesterday. And the place has no drainage. It's really too bad. I shall be off. Good-bye."

I confess I can hardly believe it, but I can't help repeating to several people what DORDLY TAPP has told me. No; they've not heard anything about it, but nothing is more likely. JOHNNIE SPOFFERD remembers to have heard a whisper about it before he arrived. Uncle TAMPLIN can't recall where he also has heard some rumour of the sort. And so within an hour or so there will be a scare sufficient to clear Monte Carlo.

"Well," I inform Uncle TAMPLIN, "DORDLY TAPP and his wife have packed up and are going off." And this I subsequently hear him repeating to his sister and niece, who at once commence the study of *Bradshaw*, with a view to as speedy a return as possible.

Next afternoon, going down to the Casino, I meet Mr. and Mrs. DORDLY TAPP. He and his wife are beaming with joy. "Halloa, not gone!"

"Gone!" he cries, "No; why should I go? Bless you, I've just been and won two thousand louis. Shall stay here any length of time."

"Well," I say, "but the measles or scarlet fever!"

"Oh, yes," he returns, in an offhand manner, "I did hear something about it, but my wife inquired and found it wasn't true." Mrs. DORDLY confirms this statement with an emphatic nod. "Oh," continues DORDLY, "it's all right. Monte Carlo's the healthiest place in the world."

"But you said yesterday that there was no drainage?"

"Did I! Ah, yes, so I did."

"But I asked two Doctors," interposes Mrs. DORDLY, coming to her husband's relief, "and they both say that where there are smells there is no danger, and there are lots of smells here; so it's all right. They explained about the gases, but I don't understand it. And," she goes on, "wasn't I lucky, while DORDLY was winning his two



Cook's Tourists.



"En plein."



Going "A cheval."

thousand, I made a hundred louis, all out of a poor little five-franc piece to start with! I do like Monte Carlo! *Au revoir!*"

"Ta! Ta! *au plaisir!*" says DORDLY, jauntily, as they go into the Grand, where they have a dinner-party.

I return to Uncle TAMPLIN and explain. The ladies call on Mrs. DORDLY TAPP, and hear from her the Doctors' account of the salubrity of Monte Carlo, and in another hour or two the scare will be heard of no more—that is, not until some one has lost heavily, and is in a general way disgusted with everything and everybody.



Obit., March 21, 1889.

TO THE MELANCHOLY MEMORY OF
THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.
IT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE INSTITUTION,
FLUSHED, IN THE EARLIER YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE,
WITH A LAUDABLE AMBITION
TO COMMAND THE RESPECT AND ADMIRATION OF THE RATEPAYERS.
IT GAVE AN EMBANKMENT TO THE THAMES,
DRAINED LONDON,
AND SUDDENLY SHOWED THE WORLD
HOW JOBBERY COULD BE ELEVATED TO THE LEVEL OF THE
FINE ARTS;
THEN FIGHTING TO THE END, IT WAS MORE ANXIOUS
TO LEAVE AN INHERITANCE OF SPITE TO ITS SUCCESSOR,
THAN TO RETIRE FROM THE SCENE OF ITS LATE LABOURS WITH
DIGNITY TO ITSELF.
UNWEPT, UNRESENTANT, YET UNHUNG,
IT HAS PASSED FOR GOOD AND AYE TO THAT OBLIVION
FROM WHICH IT IS POSSIBLE THE MORE THOUGHTFUL AND
PHILOSOPHICAL RATEPAYER
MAY THINK IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AS WELL,
FOR THE INTERESTS OF MUNICIPAL HONESTY,
THAT IT HAD NEVER EMERGED.

"No Love Lost!"

(At the Gaiety Theatre.)

AWAY flew LOVE! But, LOVE's wings clipped,
Back to England LOVE was shipped.

"IS CHIVALRY STILL POSSIBLE?"—"Certainly. Look at the list of Knights!" says the doughty Sir SOMERS.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

NO. I.—THE PATRIOTIC.

This stirring ditty—so thoroughly sound and practical under all its sentiment—has been specially designed to harmonise with the recently altered tone of Music-Hall audiences, in which a spirit of enlightened Radicalism is at last happily discernible. It is hoped that, both in rhyme and metre, the verses will satisfy the requirements of this most elegant form of composition. The Song is intended to be shouted through music in the usual manner by a Singer in evening dress, who should carry a small Union Jack carelessly thrust inside his waistcoat. The title is short but taking:—

ON THE CHEAP!

First Verse.

Or a Navy insufficient cowards croak, deah boys!
If our place among the nations we're to keep.
But with British beef, and beer, and
hearts of oak, deah boys!—
(*With enthusiasm.*) We can make a shift
to do it—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

(*With a common-sense air.*) Let us
keep, deah boys! on the Cheap,
While BRITANNIA is the boss upon
the deep,
She can wallop an invader, when he
comes in his Armader,
If she's let alone to do it—On the
Cheap!

Second Verse.

(*Affectionately.*) JOHNNY BULL is just as
plucky as he was, deah boys!
(*With a knowing wink.*) And he's wide awake—no error!—not asleep;
But he won't stump up for ironclads—becos, deah boys!
He don't see his way to get 'em—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

So keep, deah boys! On the Cheap,
(*Gallantly.*) And we'll chance what may happen on the deep!
For we can't be the losers if we save the cost o' cruisers,
And contentedly continue—On the Cheap!

Third Verse.

The British Isles are not the Continong, deah boys!
(*Scornfully.*) Where the Johnnies on defences spend a heap.
No! we're Britons, and we're game to jog along, deah boys!
(*With pathos.*) In the old time-honoured fashion—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

(*Imploringly.*) Ah! keep, deah boys! On the Cheap;
For the price we're asked to pay is pretty steep.
Let us all unite to dock it, keep the money in our pocket,
And we'll conquer or we'll perish—On the Cheap!

Fourth Verse.

If the Tories have the cheek to touch our purse, deah boys!
Their reward at the elections let 'em reap!
They will find a big Conservative reverse, deah boys!
If they can't defend the Country—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

They must keep, deah boys! On the Cheap,
Or the lot out of office we will sweep!
BULL gets rusty when you tax him, and his patriotic maxim
Is, "I'll trouble you to govern—On the Cheap!"

Fifth Verse (this to be sung shrewdly).

If the Gover'ment ain't mugs they'll take the tip, deah boys!
Just to look a bit ahead before they leap,
And instead of laying down an extry ship, deah boys!
They'll cut down the whole caboodle—On the Cheap!

Chorus (with spirit and fervour).

And keep, deah boys! On the Cheap;
For we ain't like a bloomin' lot o' sheep.
When we want to "parry bellum,"

(*Union Jack to be waved here.*)

You may bet yer boots we'll tell 'em!
But we'll have the "bellum" "parried"—On the Cheap!

This song, if sung with any spirit, should, Mr. Punch thinks, cause a positive *furor* in any truly patriotic gathering, and possibly go some way towards influencing the decision of the country, and consequently the fate of the Empire, in the next General Elections. In the meantime it is at the service of any Champion Music Hall Comique who is capable of appreciating it.

* Music-Hall Latinity—"Pars bellum."





LINES ON BASE-BALL.

(By an *Æsthetic and Sentimental Young Lady.*)

I FEEL THAT I COULD WATCH BASE-BALL
WITH INTEREST, AND EVEN FASHION—

IF BUT THE PLAYERS WOULDN'T FALL
IN THAT EXTRAORDINARY FASHION!

THE BEWILDERED BUTLER.

Oh dear! This is getting too dreadful!
A decent old butler like me,
With a heart full of care, and a head full
Of family business, you see,
Can not be expected to stand all this shine,
And yet do his duty, as I would do mine.

A noisier lot o'er the bottle
I never have seen in my life.
Each other they threaten to throttle,
There's nothing but shindy and strife!
And as for myself, I am always in dread
Of kicks on my shins and of boots at my head.

I can't think it part of my duty
To serve as a cockshy all round.
That 'ABOONET—ah! he is a beauty!
That TANNER—oh! ain't he a 'ound?—
Are always, whatever I do, at full pelt,
Till my pitiful case o'en a LARRY might melt.

The House is just getting too awful,
The guests seem eternally "screwed."
They always were jeery and jawful,
But now they're so doosedly rude.
In vain I smile sweetly, in vain I speak fair,
Only twig my new necktie, just look at my hair!

For an old and respectable Butler
To be lammed by a LARRY's too bad.
Then MORLEY—his insults are subtler,
But make me feel equally mad.
E'en GLADSTONE, who ought to know better,
Will try
To land me a cork in the eye, on the aly.

Confound it!—(I trust that's not swearing,
'Tis not OLD MORALITY's line!)—
This treatment is getting past bearing,
I really shall have to resign.
My duty I feel is—by Jingo! there goes!
A boot in my back and a tray on my toes!

A more aggravatin' young fellar
Than TIM I declare I ne'er knew.
I'm proud of the famous old cellar,
I've no fault to find with the "screw";
But they break half my bottles, the best in
the bin,
When they're cockshying me. It's a shame
and a sin!

I'm a Butler of worth, fine-old-cruised,
Not one of your champagne sort,
But steady, and quite to be trusted,
As mellow and mild as old port.
But, dash it, I will not be greeted with hoots,
And pelted with bottles, and battered with
boots!

I really shall have to give warning,
If this sort of shindy goes on.
I'll give Master the tip in the morning;
I think they'll regret when I'm gone.
I'll stick to my duty as long as I can,
But there's still some pride left in the Simple
Old Man.

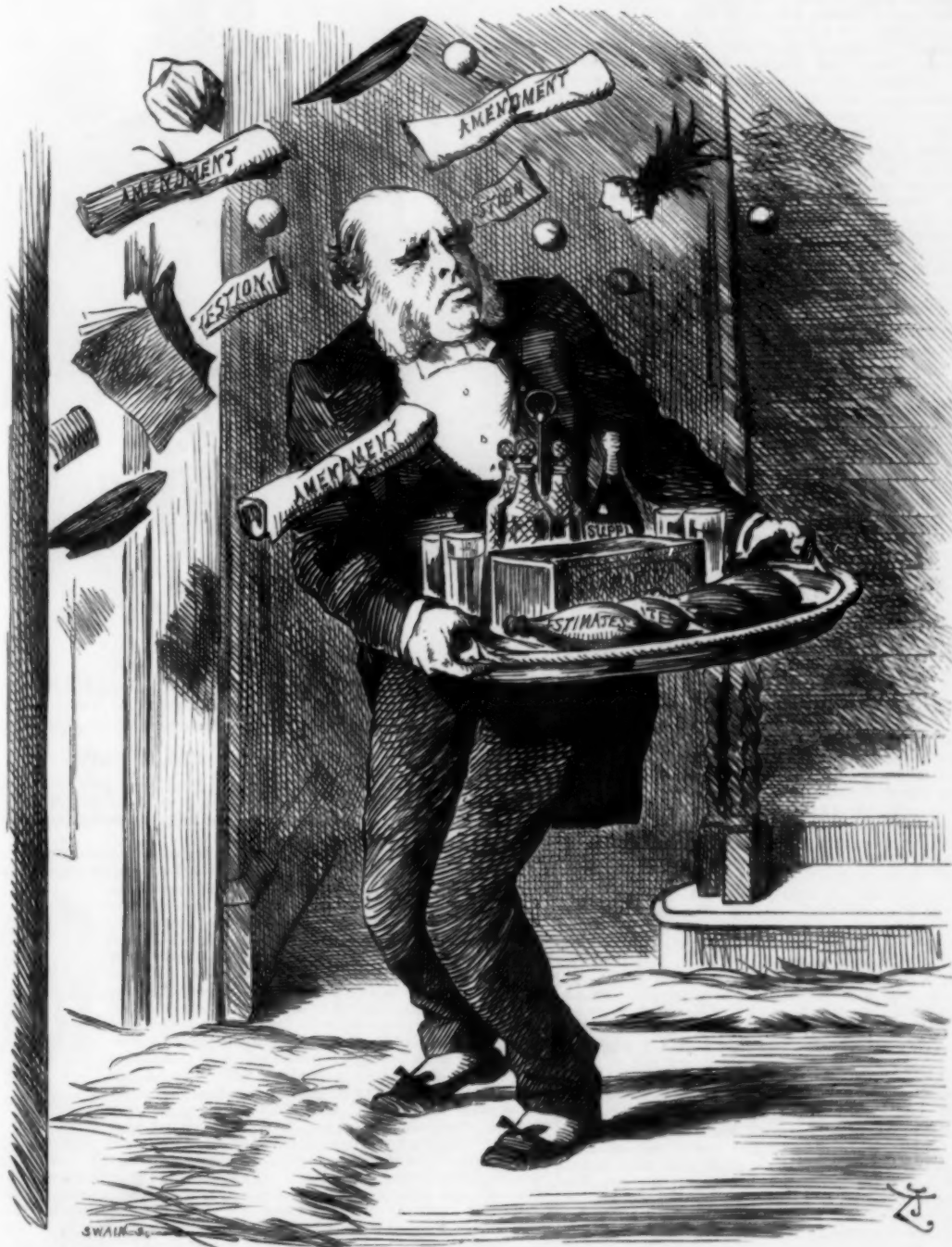
And yet—well, I'm nuts upon Master,
At home with the bin and the tray.
'Tis the guests who bring row and disaster,
The Family beg me to stay.
So I think I will pocket my temper, and
smile,
And hold on to my office—at least for awhile.

SONG OF THE BLACK SHEEP.

(Warbled by the *Expostulating Peer.*)

TELL me what is a "black sheep"?
Does it mean a lack of nous?
On the Benches going to sleep?
Never entering the House?
Living p'raps beyond one's means?
Having lots of unpaid bills?
Going too much behind the scenes?
Selling advertised Quack Pills?
Coming quite the City dab,
Speculating in a shop?
Starting a spry Hansom cab?
Singing at a Monday Pop?
Whist,—with cards hid up your sleeve?
"Getting at" a favourite horse?
Settling day mere make believe,
Till you're warned off every course?
Coming out with a decree
Granted in a certain Court?
With umbrellas making free,
Doing things "you didn't ought!"
Piling up a sorry heap?
Is this being "a Black Sheep"?
Is so, the wool that's on my back,
As yet is not precisely—black!

THE LAST OF THE BARONS was in a happy
vein when trying the breach of promise case,
Miss Smith v. Mr. Avery, the butler, who
looked uncommonly glum when the verdict
was £70 to Miss SMITH, the laundress.
"Avery man in his humour!" the merry
Baron is reported to have said to himself—an
excellent audience—as he quitted the Bench.



THE BEWILDERED BUTLER.

W. H. SM-TH. "OH DEAR, OH DEAR! IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO GO ON, IT WILL BE MY
IMPERATIVE DUTY TO GIVE WARNING!"



"Age cannot wither—nor custom stale
His infinite variety"!

Paddy (to Fellow-Passenger). "OI'M SIXTY YEARS OF AGE, AND IVERY WAN O' MY TEETH AS PERFECT AS THE DAY I WAS BORN, SOR!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

February 8.—It does seem hard I cannot get good sausages for breakfast. They are either full of bread or spice, or are as red as beef. Still anxious about the £20 I invested last week by LUPIN's advice. However, CUMMINGS has done the same.

February 9.—Exactly a fortnight has passed, and I have neither seen, nor heard from, GOWING respecting his extraordinary conduct in asking us round to his house and then being out. In the evening CARRIE was engaged marking a half-dozen new collars I had purchased. I'll back CARRIE's marking against anybody's. While I was drying them at the fire and CARRIE was rebuking me for scorching them, CUMMINGS came in. He seemed quite well again, and chaffed us about marking the collars. I asked him if he had heard from GOWING, and he replied that he had not. I said I should not have believed that GOWING could not have acted in such an ungentlemanly manner. CUMMINGS said, "You are mild in your description of him; I think he has acted like a cad." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the door opened, and GOWING putting in his head said, "May I come in?" I said, "Certainly." CARRIE said very pointedly, "Well, you are a stranger." GOWING

said, "Yes, I've been on and off to Croydon during the last fortnight." I could see CUMMINGS was boiling over, and eventually he tackled GOWING very strongly respecting his conduct last Saturday week. GOWING appeared surprised, and said, "Why, I posted a letter to you in the morning announcing that the party was 'off, very much off'." I said, "I never got it." GOWING, turning to CARRIE, said, "I suppose letters sometimes miscarry, don't they, Mrs. Carrie?" CUMMINGS sharply said, "This is not a time for joking. I had no notice of the party being put off." GOWING replied, "I told FOOTER in my note to tell you, as I was in a hurry. However, I'll inquire at the Post Office, and we must meet again at my place." I added that I hoped he would be present at the next meeting. CARRIE roared at this, and even CUMMINGS could not help laughing.

February 10, Sunday.—Contrary to my wishes, CARRIE allowed LUPIN to persuade her to take her for a drive in the afternoon in his trap. I quite disapprove of driving on a Sunday, but I did not like to trust CARRIE alone

with LUPIN, so I offered to go too. LUPIN said, "Now, that is nice of you, Guv., but you won't mind sitting on the back seat of the cart?" LUPIN proceeded to put on a bright blue coat that seemed miles too large for him. CARRIE said it wanted taking in considerably at the back. LUPIN said, "Haven't you seen a box-coat before? You can't drive in anything else." He may wear what he likes in the future, for I shall never drive with him again. His conduct was shocking. When we passed Highgate Archway, he tried to pass everything and everybody. He shouted to respectable people who were walking quietly in the road to get out of the way; he flicked at the horse of an old man who was riding, causing it to rear; and, as I had to ride backwards, I was compelled to face a gang of roughs in a donkey-cart, whom LUPIN had chaffed, and who turned and followed us for nearly a mile, bellowing, indulging in coarse jokes and laughter, to say nothing of occasionally pelting us with orange-peel. LUPIN's excuse, that the Prince of WALES would have to put up with the same sort of thing if he drove to the Derby, was of little consolation to either CARRIE or myself. FRANK MUTLAR called in the evening, and LUPIN went out with him.

February 11th.—Feeling a little concerned about LUPIN, I mustered up courage to speak to Mr. PERKUFF about him. Mr. PERKUFF has always been most kind to me, so I told him everything, including yesterday's adventure. Mr. PERKUFF kindly replied, "There is no necessity for you to be anxious, Mr. FOOTER. It would be impossible for a son of such good parents to turn out erroneously. Remember he is young, and will soon get older. I wish we could find room for him in this firm." The advice of this good man takes loads off my mind. In the evening LUPIN came in. After our little supper he said—"My dear parents, I have some news, which I fear will affect you considerably." I felt a qualm come over me, and said nothing. LUPIN then said, "It may distress you—in fact, I'm sure it will—but this afternoon I have given up my pony and trap for ever." It may seem absurd, but I was so pleased, I immediately opened a bottle of port. GOWING dropped in just in time, bringing with him a large sheet, with a print of a tail-less donkey, which he fastened against the wall. He then produced several separate tails, and we spent the remainder of the evening trying blindfolded to pin a tail on in the proper place. My sides positively ached with laughter when I went to bed.

February 12.—In the evening I spoke to LUPIN about his engagement with DAISY MUTLAR. I asked if he had heard from her. He replied, "No; she promised that old windbag of a father of hers that she would not communicate with me. I see FRANK MUTLAR, of course. In fact he said he might call again this evening." FRANK called, but said he could not stop, as he had a friend waiting outside for him, named MURRAY POSH, adding, he was quite a swell. CARRIE asked FRANK to bring him in. He was brought in, GOWING entering at the same time. Mr. MURRAY POSH was a tall fat young man, and was evidently of a very nervous disposition, as he subsequently confessed he would never go in a Hansom cab, nor would he enter a four-wheeler until the driver had first got on the box with his reins in hands. On being introduced, GOWING, with his usual want of tact, said, "Any relation to 'Posh's three-shilling hats'?" Mr. POSH replied, "Yes; but please understand, I don't try on hats myself. I take no active part in the business." I replied, "I wish I had a business like it." Mr. POSH seemed pleased, and gave a long but most interesting history of the extraordinary difficulties in the manufacture of cheap hats. MURRAY POSH evidently knew DAISY MUTLAR very intimately from the way he was talking of her, and FRANK said to LUPIN once laughingly, "If you don't look out, POSH will cut you out." When they had all gone, I referred to this flippant conversation, and LUPIN said sarcastically, "A man who is jealous has no respect for himself. A man who could be jealous of an elephant like MURRAY POSH could only have a contempt for himself. I know DAISY. She will wait ten years for me, as I said before. In fact, if necessary, she would wait twenty years for me."

RADICALS used to stigmatise their Conservative opponents as "bigoted Tories." At the present time the Ministerial Bench may be fairly described as "Pipotted Tories."—Vide "Webster's Dictionary," New Edition.



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 62.



GUERRILLA WARFARE IN THE HOUSE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Faithful "Co." says that he has had a grand time of it lately. He has been thoroughly enjoying Mr. INDERWICK'S *Side Lights on the Stuarts*, which he describes as



Book'd.

"one of the most amusing books he has ever read. Although written in a thoroughly popular style, it contains a mass of the most interesting information, and is a solid addition to historical research." He adds that its rather unpretentious title imperfectly describes a work which, while sure to be found in the hands of the general reader, is also worthy of a prominent place on the book-shelves of the antiquarian and man of letters. He has also read Mrs. OLIPHANT'S *Neighbours on the Green*, a number of short stories, which are welcome in their collected form. *Harvest*, by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER," did not impress him. It contains some clever sketches of studio life, but the motive is unpleasant. *The Quick and the Dead*, which has created more sensation than it deserved, he says, reminds him of bread-and-butter, boarding-school, SWINBURNE, and hysteria. He has been delighted with "*Heart to Heart*," the latest song of Mr. CHARLES SALAMAN, the world-famous composer of "*I Arise from Dreams of Thee*." It seems strange to "Co." that he should have to write of "Mr." SALAMAN. After fifty years of admirable labour in the cause of musical art, surely the composer of half a century of the sweetest song should be nothing less than "Sir CHARLES." Although "Co." hopes that the learned Musician's day is far from over, yet, in the cause of justice, he would like to see him become a Knight.

FACT OR FANCY?—A meeting of persons connected with the "corn and milling interests" was lately held at the Corn Exchange Tavern, Mark Lane. This accounts for the revival of Pugilism as evidenced by the merry little mill that came off quite pleasantly, without any unpleasant police interference, ten days or so ago. But how is "Corn" mixed up with it? Well, this may be also in the interests of the Ring, that is, of some sort of Ring. "The Milling Interest" would imply a revival of Pugilism. To be sure, the ideas suggested, as above, may seem to be somewhat mixed.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

Principal Tomkinson. "BY THE WAY, MR. GREEN, IN YOUR NARRATIVE YOU HAVE SCARCELY GIVEN SUFFICIENT PROMINENCE TO THE DEFENESTRATION OF JEZEBEL!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.—

Cross-examination of Ministers recommenced to-day. HOME SECRETARY and CHIEF SECRETARY have high old time. Booming BALFOUR in Ireland having been put down by the military, horse and foot, baiting BALFOUR in Parliament goes on merrily. GLADSTONE, MORLEY, and HARCOURT put questions from Front Bench. HARCOURT'S long training at the Bar suggests to him desirability of moving that all witnesses not under examination shall leave the Court. HOME SECRETARY, he thinks, should withdraw whilst BALFOUR is put to the question. On reflection recognises inconvenience of the arrangement. Would utterly foil those brilliant movements by which, having drawn the admission from BALFOUR that he approved Dr. BAER sending a letter to the *Times*, he swoops down on HOME SECRETARY and asks him whether he reproved Dr. BAER for publishing a letter corrected by CHIEF SECRETARY for Ireland?

Only a section of examining counsel sit on Front Bench. Below the Gangway, half-a-dozen, eager and persistent, tumble over each other in haste to put fresh questions. TIM HEALY, quiet, acute, far-seeing, most terrible inquisitor of all; Windbag SEXTON, insolent and over-bearing, threatens to move Adjournment, when House shows signs of impatience on his thirty-fifth appearance; McNEIL, tempestuous, inarticulate, incoherent,



Old Morality.

blazing with wrath, his mouth full of emotion and interrogation.

"I don't often come here now," said CHRISTOPHER SYKES, regarding scene from distant side-gallery. "Can't stand the worry and the noise; but must say, at this distance, like to hear McNEIL joining in the conversation. Carries patriotism to extreme, even picturesque extent. Some of them wear sprigs of shamrock. TANNER hails approach of St. Patrick's Day by decking himself in green ribbon of atrocious shade. O'HANLON has altercations under Gallery with distinguished Military Officer; but McNEIL has the subtlest, most original way of proclaiming his nationality. One has been taught to connect the potato with Ireland, the hot potato for preference. Now, McNEIL always addresses the Chair in a tone of voice that suggests that, in addition to his passing remarks, he has a hot potato in his mouth. Curious effect; rather taking from a patriotic point of view;" and CHRISTOPHER, exhausted with this unusually long harangue, slowly rose to his full height, fixed his eye-glass, buttoned his new gloves, and strode forth.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Tuesday. — JENNINGS was to have made speech to-night on question of Pensions. Didn't mean to say anything about the Marlborough Pension, which has been commuted, and so leaves GRANDOLPH at liberty to back up his able Lieutenant. But at spectacle of OLD MORALITY sitting limp on Treasury Bench, watching the hours pass

resembling each other, inasmuch as no progress made with Supply, JEWINGS's gentle heart was touched. Postponed Amendment, and saved up speech. Has got hold of a capital subject, and deserves encouragement. Shall back him up myself on parallel lines. Mean to take up the subject of the Rat Catcher. Just handed in Notice of Motion, which will appear on paper to-morrow.

"TOBY, M.P. To reduce the Vote for the Royal Palaces by the sum of £18, being the salary and emoluments of the Rat Catchers at the Royal Palaces of Buckingham and Windsor."

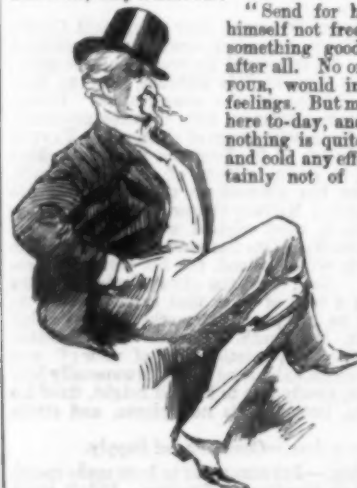
Buckingham Palace man has £8 a year and residence; Windsor Castle dignitary runs up to £10. These sums paid year after year during present reign. Shall move for Return, going back to 1837, showing how many rats have been caught per annum per Palace. Not quite the breed for the business myself, but I know a friend who occasionally indulges in the rat business, and who would, if he could be induced to devote his attention to the affair for twelve months, not leave a rodent on the premises. Why should British taxpayer, in addition to other burdens, pay £18 a year for rat-catchers, when there are thousands of unemployed dogs starving in our streets? No desire to set class against class, but here is indefensible incursion upon the rights of a not unimportant portion of the community.

[These are quotations from my speech; look a little bald, perhaps, as they stand, but shall work them up. Believe HARCOURT's very best impromptus don't look any better at first.]

Morning Sitting; spent it in discussing whether and when we shall take Vote on Account. OLD MORALITY wants it on at once, and done with. Opposition burning with desire to discuss it; but, before they begin, want to know when they will be expected to finish? On this, talk for four hours. HARCOURT takes full share, in spite of engagement at Lambeth Baths to-night to deliver set oration. Meet him going out; condole with him; tell him his health too precious to the country to be trifled with. He says "Yes," but doesn't mind sacrificing himself for public weal.

"Besides, dear boy," he whispers in my ear, "it suits me exactly. Should like every day to make a speech or two in Commons, and address at night public meeting; say there all the things I cannot say in House. Don't you see?" *Business done.*—Hardly any.

Thursday.—Occasionally words pass between Irish Members and BALFOUR. They boo him; he intimates state of feeling with respect to them not altogether inspired by respect. But these only little affectations of manner. Deep underneath runs stream of affection binding Chief Secretary and Irish Members. They cannot bear him out of their sight; grudge every moment that parts them. To-night BALFOUR a little late in taking seat. Irish Members looked on vacant place with yearning eyes. TIM HEALY, not usually regarded as emotionable man, after long wrestling, breaks down. Cried aloud in broken voice for BALFOUR, and would not be comforted. Had question on paper addressed to him; declined to put it to anyone else. Other Irish Members, who had hitherto dissembled their love, blurted it all out when TIM gave way. In vain Solicitor-General for Ireland proffered his services. Wouldn't have him. BALFOUR, only BALFOUR!



An Authority, V.C.

at him; cheered vociferously. Immediately after began banging him about the head, pinching him, pulling his hair, and otherwise maltreating him. But that's their way.

"They're like women," says FRASER, V.C., an authority on the

subject; "petulant, puling, but passionately devoted. Scratch your face in the morning, and hang round your neck as the dusk of evening deepens."

Business done.—Charges and allegations against Government.

Friday.—A long and lively night. ATTORNEY-GENERAL accommodated with seat in the dock. HARCOURT pluming himself on reminiscences of occasional practice at the Bar, assumes character of prosecuting counsel. Couldn't put on wig and gown; made up for omission by assuming his most funereal manner. Draped himself in woe, as it were; spoke with stifling tears in his voice. More than ever like *Uncle Pumblechook*. If ATTORNEY-GENERAL had been Pip, and news had just come that, after all, his fortune was illusory, *Uncle-Pumblechook-HARCOURT* could not have been more severely self-righteous, more deeply pained (for Pip), more ex-cruciatingly humiliated (for Pip), or more supremely gratified (for Pip's sake), with his own immensity of perfection. Looking on, one almost expected to see him stretch out hand across table and rumple WEBSTER's hair the wrong way, as *Uncle Pumblechook* used to rumple Pip's. But the table too broad; so contented himself with making suitable gesture indicating what he would have done if he could only have reached the culprit. Storm rose high whilst ATTORNEY-GENERAL was speaking. One time J. F. X. O'BRIEN fixed upon by COURTNEY, and ordered out for instant execution. Swore an *alibi* and just got off.

"Remarkably lucky man, O'BRIEN," said HENRY BRUCE, "always being sentenced to something or other, and getting off at last moment."

Business done.—Vote on Account passed.



The Bruce.

KING COAL'S DEFENCE.

I AM old King Coal
(That jolly old soul),
Philanthropic, and pious, and
proper;
A patriot King,
Not the boss of a Ring,
And I have no connection with
Copper.
I am grieved to declare
There are lies in the air;
And I hear of most scandalous
rumours
That I, (who am just),
Am projecting a Trust,
Which will dreadfully damage
Consumers.
Oh, thundering shame,
King Coal to defame!
My honour, of course, I must vin-
dicate.
A Corner in Coal?
No! I hold, on my soul,
That the worst form of sin is a
Syndicate.
I merely intend
(As a general friend)
To form a benign "combination,"
To—buy up the mines,
On such liberal lines
As to help every class in the
nation.
Landlords to assist,
And the Capitalist;
I desire of no class to be spoiler.

But oh! the chief aim
Of King Coal's little game
Is to help the poor subterranean
toiler.
I'm trying to please
Coal-owners, Lessees,
Also Workmen, Consumers—the
fact is,
My theory is
That good will is good biz,
And I want to reduce it to prac-
tice.
It's really sublime,—
(Or it will be in time)
For I think you'll admit it's a
rarity—
To find a "Big Boom"
In whose breast there's no
room [Charity].
For aught save the Spirit of
Pure Love may find fault
With Copper or Salt,
But Coal's a warm-hearted old
codger;
He never would hurt you,
He's chock-full of virtue,
And hates the Monopolist dodger.
So let us all join
To buy up (not purloin)
The Coal-mines in Capital's tether.
We soon shall be found
Most fraternally bound,
And—we'll all make our fortunes
together!

"Hands All Round."

HAMILTON's scheme scarce satisfies Lord CHARLIE, Lord RANDON seems, of course, a trifle snarly. Well, here's a Naval Toast which can't be wrong:
"Strength to the Fleet, and Fleetness to the Strong!"

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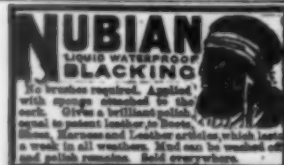


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What will Mother do wit' 'er?
Give it NESTLE'S FOOD,
Which is very good;
Dance a baby ditty!*

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